

## THE CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE

### A LITTLE PLACE CALLED PARADISE

#### Chapter XLVIII.

Dick has gone on a trip and I am utterly disconsolate.

Last night when he came home and told me he was going away for a few days I concluded I would be glad to have him out of town while I was getting our rooms into shape.

But today, after I knew he had left the city, I seemed to have lost all ambition to do anything. For the first time in my life I knew the meaning of the word loneliness.

The decorators have finished with our rooms and the soft gray-green of the Japanese matting is a lively background for my Japanese prints and beautifully colored etchings.

The rug for which I exchanged so many duplicate wedding gifts is a beautiful Bokhaver, and my chairs and roomy empire sofa with its head up to the window so one can lie down and read are all artistic, comfortable and inviting.

For the first time in my life I have indulged my taste in housefurnishing and I am sure that Dick will be pleased with it.

On the wood mantle I have placed a bit of wood carving which I have had done as a surprise to Dick. It reads: "A little place called paradise. God grant that the serpent does not find his way in."

The whole living room is charming and I know Dick will like it and I am sure he will see the difference between this quiet, restful place and the garish and tasteless "drawingroom" at his mother's house.

Dick laughingly told me when I was fussing about getting the furnishings of these rooms that I was like all other women and allowed "little things" to dominate my life.

It is true that it is the big things that draw us up to heaven or crush us down to hell, but little things live beside us on this earth—eat and sleep with us—laugh and grumble with us

—irritate and appease us. Little things, like the poor, are always with us. We love little things, we hate little things, we fear little things from the day we are born to the day we die.

It's the little things that count, and because women have learned this and men ignore it is one of the great reasons of marital unhappiness.

Just now "the little thing" of Dick's being away makes my "little place called Paradise" a region of loneliness and desolation. It seems as though it might feel, to paraphrase a popular song, "all dressed up and no one to see," and I am determined that no one shall see it until Dick comes back.

Today Molly telephoned me that she and her mother were coming over and I said: "Please don't come till Dick comes back, as then our new rooms will be all ready."

Molly, bless her heart, understood without me saying more, for she said: "I know what you mean but which you don't say. You don't want any one to see those rooms until after Dick sees them. I'll head mother off."

"Molly, you are a little brick," I told her. "I sometimes wonder how a girl like you can know so much about the 'whys and wherefores' in the lives of men and women."

Back over the wire came this in a voice that was either choked with laughter or tears—I could not tell which:

"Some day, Margie, I'll tell you of how and when I learned it."

Molly continually surprises me. Some day, when she knows me better, she is going to volunteer some interesting confidences.

(To Be Continued Monday.)

General sympathy must go out to that Georgia escaped convict who sold two of the bloodhounds put on his trail and then got caught because he offered the third at too low a price.